

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXVI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1897.

NUMBER 19

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

The Village Lad at Play.

What matter that his trousers bear
A patch on either knee,
Since roses in his round cheeks glow,
While sparkling glance and light
laugh show
A spirit blithe and free?

With grimy hand he knuckles down
To let a marble fly,
Intently scans the sphere's swift flight,
And chuckles in his deep delight
When luck approves his eve.

No mercenary gamester he
That craves a rival's blood;
As quick to share Dame Fortune's smiles
As ever he is to court her wiles—
A gentleman in bud.

He has not heard the city's far,
Insistent voices call;
Yet not a bird in wood or field
Nests long from his keen gaze con-
cealed—
He knows and loves them all.

No cares oppress nor sorrows dim
The joys his projects bring;
For all life long or for a day,
I'd rather be that boy at play
Than President or King.
—Frank Putman.

An Innocent Offender.

The doctor, being young and enthusiastic, had a theory which he believed he could illustrate and support by making observations of pupils and the methods of teaching them. Accordingly much of his spare time was spent at the public school opposite his office. There the neat, blond doctor, his eye-glasses often falling and as often being replaced, would wander, silent and observant, from room to room, with note-book and pencil in hand.

The teachers allowed him to come and go without remark, and some few aided him intelligently in his work—in particular Miss Hinton, a teacher in the intermediate department. In her room he had spent sufficient time to become somewhat acquainted with the pupils, so that she, quite naturally, included him in the conversation which he found her holding, one midwinter day at recess, with a slender, sweet-faced visitor.

"Doctor," said Miss Hinton, "I must introduce you to Mrs. Hamilton. Mrs. Hamilton is Richard Hamilton's mother."

Now Richard was well known to the doctor as a very trying pupil. "You will be interested, I know," continued small, quick, gray-haired, alert-eyed Miss Hinton, "you will be interested in what Mrs. Hamilton tells me. She is willing I shall tell you, I'm sure. Perhaps you can throw some light on the case, doctor; I confess I am puzzled. Mrs. Hamilton assures me that Richard, in preparing his lessons with her, shows both quickness and intelligence. He is her only child, and is her companion in her botanizing and in a course of history readings. And yet Richard is ranked among the lowest in the class because his recitations are vague and unsatisfactory. Besides that, he is daily marked down in department for inattention."

Mrs. Hamilton's fine, sensitive face flushed, and she spoke in a clear, bell-like voice: "I am quite sure it is not motherly blindness on my part. At home Richard is both quick in understanding and in learning his lessons. His father has been so mortified about the bad school reports that I always go over the next day's lessons with Richard, and he seldom fails in a recitation. And yet he tells me himself, for he is a very honest boy, that his recitations at school are all poor. He says, too, that he daily falls in department because of seeming inattention, though he tries to be attentive."

"That's queer," said the doctor. "Another thing," said Mrs. Hamilton. "I have noticed that when the lesson turns on any rule explained at school, his memory of it is always so faulty that we have to turn back to the rule and go over it together."

Miss Hinton showed much concern. "What he tells you of his class standing is true," she said, "yet he does not seem wilfully inattentive. I have noticed him suddenly awake from his dreaminess, and give a reply that startled me by its clearness and accuracy. I cannot account for it."

"Perhaps it may be diffidence," said Mrs. Hamilton. "He has been so much alone with me—"

But here the ringing of a bell interrupted.

"Ah? recess is over," said Miss Hinton. "Mrs. Hamilton won't stay during a recitation and judge for yourself?"

"Thank you, I think I will," Mrs. Hamilton, whereupon the doctor nodded approval, and taking the third chair upon the platform, prepared himself to listen also.

As the class of boys filed in, rosy and breathless from play, Richard Hamilton, a slender little lad, with a sensitive mouth and worried brown eyes, gave a quick smile of recognition toward his mother, and his usually dreamy, absent face lighted up with positive animation. "He is not diffident, anyway," thought the doctor, who had often noticed the consciousness and embarrassment displayed by the children on the occasions of parental visits to their school.

Now Miss Hinton, in her quick, alert fashion, called the class for a lesson in American history. She talked as she moved, rapidly, and her enunciation lacked clearness, but she gave the lesson with a humorous enthusiasm that inspired the pupils to pleasing attention.

For a while Richard Hamilton sat erect, with an air of attention so tense that it seemed strained, smiling in a forced, mirthless kind of fashion when the class smiled. But soon his mother and the doctor saw his erect form gradually relax. His eyes, while still fixed upon Miss Hinton's face, grew absent, his manner listless.

"And yet," continued Miss Hinton, briskly, "Cornwallis must have had a reason for his delay in crossing the Delaware when so much depended on it. What was it, Richard?"

As raising her voice at the name, Miss Hinton uttered it with decided emphasis, the little fellow started, stumbled to his feet, and gave a dazed look around. Then, meeting his mother's anxious gaze, a burning flush spread over his face.

"I—I—," he stammered. "That bluish shows sensitiveness," thought the doctor. "The boy is not stupid nor doltish."

Now, Mrs. Hamilton, turning impulsively to Miss Hinton, spoke out in her clear, sweet voice: "I am quite sure that he knows, Miss Hinton, if you will let him try again. Richard, I am sure you can tell Miss Hinton why it was that Cornwallis delayed in crossing the Delaware."

The harassed, worried little face instantly changed, and was lit up by beaming intelligence. He turned toward his teacher. "Why, yes; I beg your pardon, Miss Hinton. You see our soldiers—Washington and his forces, I should say—had taken every boat they could find at Trenton, and had moved them up out of the water after crossing, and Cornwallis, instead of constructing others at Howe's suggestion, waited for the river to freeze, that his men might cross over on the ice. Meanwhile Washington—"

"Very good," said Miss Hinton, in her rapid way; "but why did you not answer me at first?"

Richard made no reply. His eyes were fixed on his mother's face, as if awaiting her glance of approval.

"Answer Miss Hinton, Richard," said his mother. "Did you not hear?" and she repeated the question. The bright look faded, the hunted, harassed look, that promised shortly to change to sullen, returned.

"I—I could not know how to ask to understand—," he faltered, with an appealing look.

The doctor, feeling for his dangling glasses, nodded his immaculate blond head, and fancied he was beginning to understand. He listened attentively throughout the history lesson and the dictated lesson in spelling and sentences which followed.

After the written exercises were collected and brought up to the desk, the doctor was seeking Richard's, when the sound of the small boy's worried voice arrested him. The doctor, elevating his glassed, gazed at hopeless little face anew.

"But I did not know you gave us any written work in grammar to prepare at home," the boy was explaining. "I knew you did in com-

position, and I heard you say, study the next two pages in grammar—"

The doctor, leaning toward Mrs. Hamilton, pointed to the column of words down Richard's paper. "The order as dictated here from the book," he explained, "was 'constrict, consist, constringe, constitute,' and he has just reversed their order here on his paper. Again here, below, where the words read were 'infallible, indelible, intelligible,' he has done the same thing again. He has written them from a memory of their order on the page, not from the dictation—"

A bell again interrupted, and Miss Hinton announced: "As this is the day for oral review by Professor Strong, no boy is to take his arithmetic with him." She tapped her bell for the class to put out, then turned to Mrs. Hamilton and said:

"The principal, Professor Strong, assembles all the pupils of each grade in the chapel several times a month to drill and review them in their work in numbers."

Richard was among the last in the line, and as he passed by the platform his arithmetic was plainly to be seen tucked under his arm. So Miss Hinton's voice rose stern: "Richard Hamilton, remain behind the class!"

The boy, turning a startled face toward the group on the platform dropped out of the line.

"Why have you your book?" she continued; "did you not hear what I said?"

Richard nodded in a hopeless way.

The doctor spoke up quickly: "What did she say?"

The child swallowed hard several times before answering, "I—I—," heard her say—"Professor Strong and arithmetic," and sometimes—some of us—forget to take them,—and so—I—thought—she was—reminding us—"the sensitive mouth was trembling, the little chin quivering.

Hoping to help him recover himself, his mother laid her hands on his arm but the gentle, sympathetic touch ended the child's forlorn effort at self-control. He turned and hid his face on his mother's shoulder and gave way to the pent-up emotions of months of failure, punishment and mortification.

With a nod toward mother and teacher, the doctor laid his finger on his lips, and drew out his watch. He stepped behind the boy as he grew quieter, and gradually advanced the watch nearer and nearer Richard's ear. Even when the ticking thing was almost touching the lobe of the ear, the child gave no sign of hearing it.

The doctor nodded toward Mrs. Hamilton and touched his own ear significantly. Then, as Richard's head moved restlessly, exposing the other ear until now hidden against his mother's shoulder, the doctor, moving around, brought the watch gradually near that ear.

When it was about eight inches' distance the boy raised his head hastily. "What are you doing that for?" he asked, turning.

"I am thinking," said the doctor, "that I shall have to take you over to my office and have a look at you. Get your overcoat, my boy,—provided Miss Hinton will permit."

"By all means—poor little boy," said Miss Hinton, sympathetically, and Richard went out to get his overcoat.

"Mrs. Hamilton, I am convinced your bright boy's hearing is defective," said the doctor, placing his glasses astride his nose. "He is partially deaf and perfectly unconscious that he hears less than those around him. He has been following just about one-half that you say, Miss Hinton, and guessing at the rest."

"But he hears me perfectly," said Mrs. Hamilton.

"Madam, your voice is peculiarly resonant and distinct. You also enunciate more slowly than Miss Hinton. And the difference in your estimates of the little fellow's abilities lies in the fact that he hears his mother perfectly and his teacher imperfectly."

"Why—this shocks me," said Miss Hinton. "I feel that I've been greatly to blame. I should have discovered this. Poor Richard—all his school life he has been contending against my seeming in-

justice as well as his own partial comprehension of his duties. No wonder he passed backward and inattentive. Strange that he should not have known of his deafness."

"Well, perhaps so," said the doctor, "but such cases are not unusual. I think that a large number of the so called dull and backward children are the victims of some unrecognized physical imperfection. I know of a girl who was thought backward, slow, fretful and peevish,—she was always complaining of headache, too. She turns out to have been near-sighted and no one suspected it. Fancy the nervous strain that child has been under all her school life, trying to see the blackboard, for instance. If you will permit me, Mrs. Hamilton, I will take Richard over to my office and have a look at his ears for my own satisfaction, but I advise you to take him to a first-class specialist at once."

"I will go with him," said Mrs. Hamilton, as Richard came in the door.

"Are you ready, Richard?" asked the doctor, in a conversational tone. The lad paid no attention, but walked on to his desk to put his books away.

"Are you ready?" the doctor walked toward Richard as he spoke. No answer.

"Ready, Richard?" at about three feet.

"Yes sir," and the lad, looking up in quick response, smiled a goodbye towards Miss Hinton, then joined the doctor and his mother, and the three went out together.

The doctor was right. Richard was found to be quite deaf, and yet from so simple a cause that a few weeks of treatment from a good aurist restored his hearing to a normal state his cheerful, boyish and fearless bearing.

Indeed, within a few weeks he was telling his father, where displeasure had been one of his hardest trials.

"And, father, it is just wonderful how easy it all seems to me now and how interesting school can be. I wonder why I did not know what the trouble was myself. I can follow every word Miss Hinton says now, and as for the lecture on 'The Five Senses' the doctor gave the school yesterday, I followed him so closely I believe I can almost repeat it for you. And, oh, mummy," with a rub of his cheek against his gentle mother's shoulder, "it's so good not to be groping in the dark any more."

Now the pity of it is, there are children in our schools, everywhere, to-day, just as handicapped as Richard was. How is it with you,—or yours?—George Madden Martin in *Youth's Companion*.

The Printer Outdone.

"We've been hearing for years of the intelligent compositor," said Mr. W. J. McCaull, a bright, young Philadelphia business man at the Shoreham, to a Washington reporter, "but in my opinion the intelligent compositor isn't in it with the intelligent stenographer and typewriter. I'm with a manufacturing concern that makes soda-water apparatus on a big scale, and I've lots of business letters to dictate. The young woman that takes shorthand notes of my hurriedly-spoken sentences often makes queer mistakes. A little while back I wanted to impress upon a probable customer the superiority of hard-rubber faucets over those built of metal. My amanuensis brought the letter to me for signing, and I noticed she had transformed it into 'hard-rubber phosphates.' A few days later, in commending some water-coolers, I said they were lined with pure black-tin, and was naturally startled to read later that they were lined with 'pure buckskin.'"

The Island of Malta has a language of its own, derived from the Carthaginian and Arabian tongues. The nobility of the island speak Italian.

The great of all luxuries in Central Africa is salt. The long-continued use of vegetable food in that country creates so painful a longing for salt that natives deprived of it for a long period often show symptoms of insanity.

The Eccentricity of Law.

An action highly interesting to lovers of both sexes was not long ago heard before Judge Kay. The plaintiff, a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman, became engaged to the defendant against her parents' wish. When the engagement was broken off the defendant made demands for money, and to enforce his claims, threatened to publish the love letters that had passed between them. An application for an injunction to restrain him from doing so was made, and not only granted, but the defendant had to pay the costs.

A peculiar action was recently heard in a country court. The defendant in the case possessed a piece of forest land, and on this land a thick crop of thistles sprang up. When the wind was high the seed from these was blown into the plaintiff's garden, took root and did damage. He accordingly sued for compensation and recovered fifteen dollars damages.

Damages to the extent of five thousand dollars for the omission of a single word in a newspaper report seems a heavy penalty for what might, after all, have been a mere printer's error. Such, however, was awarded not long since for the omission of the word "not" in an Irish newspaper.

A curious application was made not long ago before a Justice of the Peace. A baby, having been left by its mother with another woman to mind, after all, have been a mere printer's error. Such, however, was awarded not long since for the omission of the word "not" in an Irish newspaper.

The action for slander brought by Mr. George Augustus Sala some years ago against Mr. Harry Furniss will be remembered. The slander complained of was uttered by Mr. Furniss in a speech, in the course of which he said that Mr. Sala, in submitting three drawings, of a head, foot and hand, to the Academy, unfortunately portrayed six toes instead of five upon the foot he drew and did not get into the schools. The jury gave Mr. Sala twenty-five dollars damages.

The Bloodhound's Unerring Scent.

A few days ago Bertha, the pretty 4-years-old daughter of John C. Putman, of the little settlement of Mill Village, Vt., disappeared.

All the neighbors joined in the search for her. Night and day the hunt was continued, but not a trace of the little one could be discovered. The parents were in despair.

It was feared that the child had been kidnapped. Finally the father, in desperation, suggested that the State bloodhound Pilot could find some trace. Anxious to do anything that would in the least relieve the father's mind, the officials took the dog to Mill Village.

The dog was given a tiny shoe that had been worn by the child the day before she disappeared.

This he held in his mouth for a minute. Then he dropped it and sniffed the air. He seemed puzzled, and the knowing ones were beginning to remark that they knew the hound would not be of any use.

It really seemed as if the animal understood his words, for he suddenly put his nose to the ground and was off like a shot, dragging his keepers after him. On he went, crossing roads, fields and timber, stretches, until he reached "Devil's Camp," a point about a mile below Rutland, where there is a small mill stream. Here the animal suddenly brought up at the edge of the water, gave one long bark, and refused to go further.

Then the men got to work. They procured hooks and poles, and the bed of the stream was thoroughly

searched. All this time Pilot stood by the water side, though attempts were made to drag him away. For the first time since he had been in the State he refused to obey the voice of his keepers. Toward night the body of the missing child was found. As it was drawn to the shore Pilot sprang forward, took its dress in his mouth, and raising the child as tenderly as though it had been in its mother's arms, trotted back to the house, the long line of searchers following.

From Cradle to Self-Binder.

Forty years ago, says the "always reliable" *New York Sun*, the grain was harvested with the grain cradle, as the hay with a scythe, and it required ten men to cut, rake, bind, and shock ten acres of wheat in a day. In the fifties came the reaper, employing eight men to cut, bind and shock ten acres. This advance toward a higher civilization threw two men out of employment in the harvest season and forced them to that desertion of the farm which the singer of psalms over the reaper has never ceased to bewail. The earlier form of the reaper was followed, in the sixties, by the self-raking one, which, depositing the grain in gabels, reduced the number required to harvest ten acres in a days from eight to six, and sent another brace of sons of the farm to seek fame and fortune elsewhere. In the earlier parts of the eighties came the table reaper, upon which rode two men who were able to bind the ten acres as the machine traveled, and still further reduced the force by two, who must either sit upon the fence and watch those so fortunate as to retain employment or go to the town for work no longer obtainable on the farm.

Two or three years later came the wire self-binder, which circles the sheaves with a band of steel, dispensing with the two men who bound upon the table reaper, and simplified the matter by sending to the town all but the farm's owner who operated the machine, and the son or laborer, who placed the grain in the shock, and also reduced harvest wages to nearly the ordinary monthly rate. The wire binder was shortly displaced by the twine binder, which has reduced the cost of operation somewhat, but has not materially diminished the amount of labor employed, except as the machines are now made larger, cutting a wider swath.

The result of these successive improvements is that, whereas it required ten men to cut and place in shock ten acres of grain forty years ago, three men now, with the aid of four horses, can place from 16 to 18 acres in the shock, and whenever the ordinary harvest time is fairly dry, the "header" enables eight men to cut and place at once in stack 30 acres a day, the labor-saving effected by the header being greater even than that with the self-binder, while the grain is at once secured from the deterioration usually resulting from weathering the shock. By this progressive advance toward a higher civilization, four men out of the five formerly employed in harvest work have been actually and visibly pushed off the farm and into the ranks of those seeking work in towns. The work of the farm has deserted the farmer's son; not the son the work.

Equally destructive of employment on the farm have been the mower, the wheeled hay-rake, the threshing hay tedder, the self-feeding steam machine, the gang plough, the grain drill, the broad-cast seeder, the two-horse corn cultivator, the corn lister, and a thousand and one other labor-saving devices; and when to the employment-lessening effect of all these we add the reduction of labor due to cessation of forest clearing, rail and stone fence building, and the conversion of timber into fuel and its carting to town, we can get some idea of that irresistible force which has crowded so many of the sons of the farmer off the soil, and which but for the enormous increase of the number of farms up till the middle of the nineties would have crowded still greater numbers into the ranks of those engaged in manufactures and distribution, as it certainly will crowd them in the years to come.—*Straps and Buckles*.

Helen Keller.

By Hugh R. Dinwiddie.

God sent a stainless soul into the world
To dwell awhile and teach the sons of men
How, from the silence of a dawnless night
The soul may wake, and like a bird set free
Soar into space and grasp the mysteries
Of Life and Love. 'Twas thus sweet Helen came.

A stainless soul from God, all undefiled;
And He, with loving hands sealed up her ears
And drew the curtains o'er her laughing eyes
That, as she came, so might she live for aye
And let no sight or sound of human sin
Mar the pure whiteness of her waking soul
With its dark presence. So she dwelt apart
Sightless and silent in a world whose light
And sound she knew not. She could feel the sun.

Shine warm upon her, and the soft wind play
Amid her hair, but knew not whence they came
Or what such things might be. She felt the touch.

Of loving hands that hushed her into sleep,
And clung to them in trusting helplessness,
Drawn by the soul's instinct. She could not see.

The eyes bent down to hers, nor yet the smile
Half veiled in tears, that watched her baby ways;
To her all things were dark—all things were mute,
She knew not what she lacked and yet her soul

Beat at its bars, striving to voice the thoughts
That surged within her, as the chrysalis
Struggles within its cocoon, till there came
One sent by God who took her groping hand
And burst the bonds that encompassed her soul.

Till day by day, upon her senses broke
The light of knowledge, strange and wonderful.
That filled her life with joy. Wisdom and Love

Their gates have opened, and her thirsty soul
Has quaffed a draught of hoary Mimer's well.
Goodness and sweetness encompass her life
For God hath kept her spirit undefiled
Within its sightless shrine. The moan of grief

Her ears have heard not, or the blasphemies
That sear the soul and leave a deadly barb
To blight and rattle there. Naught else but good

Has found a place within her trusting heart
And only good her inward vision sees
On all the earth around. Her fancy weaves
Sunshine and flowers, brighter far than earth.

And though no human voice hath met her
Within her brain she hears the melodies
That drift from angel harps. She doth not mourn

The loss of sight and sound, for light is shined
Within her soul, and gives her day by day
God's greatest gift—a spirit undefiled.

Helen Keller of the West.

IOWA GIRL ALMOST AS WONDERFUL A TRIUMPH OF PATIENT TEACHING.

Linnie Haguewood, a seventeen years old pupil in the South Dakota School for the Deaf and Dumb, is the Helen Keller of the West, and promises to develop the marvelous capacities for seeing, hearing and speaking, while deaf, dumb and blind, exhibited by the wonderful girl now a student at Harvard "Annex."

Miss Haguewood is seventeen years old, and her story is almost a repetition of that of Helen Keller. The Eastern girl, however, has had a great advantage over her Western sister in that her education began at a much earlier age and her teacher was more adept than Miss Haguewood's instructor.

Linnie was born at Ida Grove, Ia., and, like Helen, was a perfectly normal child up to her eighteenth month. At that time she was stricken with a spinal disease, and when she recovered it was found that she had lost the senses of sight and hearing totally.

At 14 she was taken to the asylum for the blind at Vinton, Ia., and although at that age she was yet unable to walk, she was in perfect health. When she entered the asylum she was unable to communicate a single thought to another human being.

The Iowa Legislature appropriated \$500, and Miss Donald devoted all her time to her pupil.

Miss Haguewood is able to cut and sew her own garments, to write letters on a typewriter, to read readily her Sunday school paper and her Bible, and to write slowly on the tablets which are provided for the blind.

By her delicate sense of touch she is able to recognize her friends, and even to remember on second meeting those whom she has noticed before. She is able to recognize at the first touch those whom she knows well.

She is passionately fond of flowers, of dress and jewelry, and next to her typewriter, her dearest possession is a gold ring with a beautiful setting, presented her by the ladies of Sioux Falls.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The giants who frighten us most, often turn out to be common-sized men on stilts.

NEW YORK.

Reception of the Lexington Athletic Club.

RUN DOWN BY A TROLLEY CAR.

Items of Interest.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 236 East 59th Street, New York City.

The reception given by the Lexington Athletic Club last Friday evening, May 7th, was really a very pleasant and successful affair and was well attended, there being about a hundred and fifty present. Indeed the ladies and gentlemen were about equally divided, but one who has attended like entertainments during the past fifteen years, would naturally think it almost a new generation, for the younger element was much in evidence, while a great majority were graduates pupils and friends of the Lexington Avenue School.

Had the committee advertised the affair, there would have been many more, but, as it was, many were not even aware of it or had forgotten the date. No less than a dozen persons have told me that they knew absolutely nothing of the affair going to be held, or they would not have missed it.

The ladies were prettily dressed and many of the gentlemen were in evening dress. The dancing hall seemed well filled, almost every seat around the sides of the room being occupied, while the merry dancers tripped around and around to the delightful strains from a piano. There were thirteen dances before and the same number after intermission.

The supper provided was an excellent one, and one hundred and forty were seated at the tables. Mr. Logeling is bent on upholding the reputation of Cafe Logeling, and has made improvements in every respect from time to time.

The Lexington Athletic Club has now thirty-seven members and has lately moved to a larger room in Cafe Logeling, which proves prosperity in their lot.

The officers are:—Samuel Lowenherz, President; S. Gomprecht, Vice-President; Michael Auerbach, Secretary; Geo. Schwing, Treasurer.

The committee of arrangements, upon whom the credit for the success of the reception devolves, were:—Max Nemeth, John D. Scott and H. C. Dickinson. J. M. Welch was floor manager, assisted by Jacob Meyers. The members formed the various committees, as follows:

Floor Committee.—Henry Bertine, Chairman; Louis Gilbert, Harry Schnurman, Henry Miller, and Samuel Murray.

Reception Committee.—Adolph Pfandler, Chairman, H. Alexander, Edward Eck, Wm. Fricken, Wm. Flanagan, Wm. Ganham, Patrick Giddings, Sam. Goldberg, Harry Goldstein, Wm. Greenbaum, Louis Gall, Vincent Keely, Henry Kruger, Lyman Metzger, Abraham Marks, Jas. Manning, Willie Stern, Benj. Zigman, Jacob Keiber, Peter Wolfe, Thomas Hunt, Emil Stipek, Isaac Moses, and Benjamin Wolff.

Something went wrong with the Silent Wheelmen Sunday. Only seven or eight turned up, but two new members were enrolled. I. N. Soper and the writer took a spin to Yonkers and called on Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Maynard, at their pleasant house on Poplar Street. A couple of miles from Yonkers C. J. Le Clercq, A. W. Henning and Abe Vosburg, a member "of the finest" and certainly one of the finest fellows to meet, were met, and a pleasant journey had. Abe Vosburg ought to be voted guardian angel of the Silent Wheelmen. It is handy to have a hearing man with you.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will sail for Europe on July 24th.

Jacques Alexander's family has broken up housekeeping, and Jacques now hangs out his shingle on 23d Street.

Emil Basch sent in his resignation to the M. L. A. five months ago, but as no meeting has been held in that time he still makes the seventh member.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Myron R. Palmer, of Albany, N. Y., will be pleased to know that a girl baby came to gladden their home before break o'day Saturday morning, the 8th. Con-gra-tu-lations.

As Leo Greis was about to take a Myrtle Avenue car on Thursday evening, the 6th, from Greene Avenue, to attend the Brooklyn Guild of Silent Workers meeting, he was struck by the fender of a car coming in the opposite direction and hurled on the fender. By grasping the dashboard railing of the car, he managed to escape with his left leg broken in two places and a cut on the head. In spite of the protests of the police, he demanded to be car-

ried to the home of his sister a block away, and medical aid was summoned. He will be confined to his bed at least six weeks, if serious results do not set in.

Miss Dora Hasselbach denies that she is to be married in June. She does not deny anything else. Probably the happy event will occur in July or August or even later. Only the date is a secret.

S. Lowenherz has purchased a Straus Special. Six members of the L. A. C. own wheels.

The L. A. C. will meet the Fanwoods on the diamond on May 31st, at 4 P.M.

Mr. Kenyon, of Oswego, was in this city during Grant's Day—not Kennan as printed last week.

Misses Baumann and Braufuhr, who took lessons in dress making from Miss Annie Kugeler, have secured positions in one of the largest establishments in this city.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, was in this city last week, and sailed Saturday on the Lucania for Europe, his destination being Naples, Italy.

The Xavier Club will give some sort of an outing during the coming summer. J. F. Donnelly, Henry W. Miller and Frank Haydon, are the committee in charge and may select some place up the sound.

The Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Church Mission to the Deaf is now out.

The German Society contemplates having a picnic sometime in August. Sixteen members are on their roster.

J. D. Shea has gone to join the Passaic team.

Miss Hannah Augusta Avery, a graduate of Fanwood, died in Syracuse, N. Y., on May 3d, at the age of 77.

A lawn party is to be held on June 2d, in aid of the Gallaudet Home. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will be glad to receive any article that may be disposed of at a good price. A good many from this city are expected to go to the Home where the party will be held, leaving on the 8 or 11 A.M. train and returning by the 4 or 7 P.M. train.

The St. Ann's-St. Matthew's consolidation matter is yet far from settled.

A supper was given by the pupils of Mrs. Wm. H. Rose on Saturday afternoon, in the vestry room of St. Ann's Church. Those present were: Mrs. Ella F. Turner, Misses M. Boyd, Baumann, Katie and Nettie Elsworth, Messrs. Askins, Lynch, W. Boyd, T. Lorcer and a few others. TED.

What He Could Not Do.

"Why do you dudge away with those tools in a shop, when you might make a great deal more money in an office, or at least have an easier time?" asked one young fellow of another.

"Because I have it in me to work with tools, and not with figures," was the wise answer. "I know what I can do with my hands, and I know what I can't do with my head, so I'll keep the place I have."

"He is a wise man who knows what he cannot do." This is a sort of wisdom that should be gained young, for it will save great loss and trouble by and by, if early learned.

Sometimes it is hard to find out just what one is fitted for, but earnestness of purpose and common sense will help greatly, while wisdom that is profitable to direct may be had for the trustful asking, and watching indications will bring light. It is always a pity to waste time, so that finding out what one cannot do will save trouble.—Selected.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

In Oregon there are 25,000 acres of prune orchards.

The public debt of France is the largest in the world and amounts to about \$8,000,000,000.

A well known artist declares the in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the left side of the human face is more perfect in outline.

A broken-winded horse is rarely seen in Norway. The fact is accounted for by the statement that a bucket of water is always placed within reach of a horse when he is feeding, and the animal alternately takes a mouthful of hay and a sip of water.

UNFRAMED PRINTS.

The unframed prints which many people are fond of sticking upon their walls are much improved by a mat of charcoal paper in some soft tint. Blue, gray, mastie, fawn, a soft sage and a dull old rose are all good for the purpose, and a terra cotta cartridge paper may be used in the same way. The mat should be cut from pasteboard, the paper folded over both the outside and inside edges of the mat.

The thing that makes hell possible, is that so many hellish things can show a certificate of good character, from those well up in public and social life.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Monument Day in Philadelphia.

Principal Jenkins Lectures.

Club and Social Doings.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

Philadelphia will be in gala attire at the close of this week, which will witness the unveiling, on Saturday, of the giant Washington Monument at the Green Street entrance to Fairmount Park. It will rival Grant Day in New York in importance. It will probably interest our readers at a distance to see a description of the Monument, which they may not get otherwise, hence we subjoin this from the Philadelphia Inquirer:—

The splendid monument stands at the Green street entrance to Fairmount Park. From an oblong platform six feet six inches high, of Swedish granite, and reached on four sides by thirteen steps, symbolizing the thirteen original States, rises a pedestal bearing an equestrian statue in bronze of General Washington. The father of his country is represented in the colonial uniform of the American army, a large military cloak being thrown artistically around his commanding figure. While dignified, the whole conception is full of animation. In his left hand Washington holds the reins of his horse, one of the animal's fore feet being raised in the act of moving. At the four corners of the platform are fountains, served by allegorical figures of American Indians, representing four rivers—the Delaware, Hudson, Potomac and Mississippi. On the sides each of these fountains is guarded by typical American animals, eight in all. At the front and back of the pedestal are two allegorical groups. That on the front represents America, seated, and holding in one hand a cornucopia. In the other a trident, and having at her feet chains just cast off. She is in the act of receiving from her victorious sons the trophies of their conquest. Below this group is the legend: "Erected by the United States of America." The group in the back represents America arousing her sons to a sense of their slavery. Below are the arms of Pennsylvania, on the side of the pedestal are two bas reliefs, one representing the march of the American army, the other a Western-bound emigrant train. On one side the pedestal bears the inscription: "Sixty-Sixty-Two," and on the other, "Per Aspera ad Astra," on the other, "Westward the Star of Empire Takes Its Way." Surrounding the upper portion of the pedestal is the legend: "Erected by the State Society of the Cincinnati of Pennsylvania." The equestrian statue, the figures and the bas relief, as well as the numerous other ornaments, are of Swedish granite. Professor Rudolph Siemering, the artist whose design was chosen, is a celebrated sculptor of Berlin. When in position the monument will have cost over \$250,000.

Principal Weston Jenkins, of Trenton, N. Y., delivered an interesting lecture before the Clero Literary Association, on Thursday evening last. His subject, as previously stated, was "Dr. Nansen's Adventures, at the North Pole." A visiting vote of thanks was tendered him at the conclusion. Mrs. Jenkins accompanied him to the lecture. They spent the night as guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, at Merchantville, N. J., and departed for their home on Friday noon.

Mrs. William H. Lipsett spent Sunday in Norristown, Pa., among relatives.

Rev. W. H. Falkner, rector of St. Philip's Church, West Philadelphia, takes more than an ordinary interest in All Souls' Mission to the Deaf. Through his influence the young ladies of his church have arranged a dramatic entertainment, to be given at the Drawing Room, Fortieth St., below Locust, for the benefit of All Souls' Mission, on Friday evening, June 4th, 1897. The admission will be fifty cents for each person. It is very kind of the Rev. Mr. Falkner and his people to give such aid without solicitation on our part. However, the help is needed and we shall feel deeply grateful for it.

At the Episcopal convention held last week, Bishop Whitaker re-appointed the following Commission on Church Work among the Deaf for the ensuing year:

Rev. Drs. J. Andrews Harris, T. S. Runney, W. N. McVieker, R. A. Edwards, Revs. Leverett Bradley, and S. C. Hill, and Edward H. Bonsall, Edward S. Buckley, Orlando Croase, Rowland Evans, John P. Roads and Dr. A. L. E. Crouter. The Bishop is Chairman of the Commission.

A small stag party was given at the residence of Mr. G. W. Campbell on Saturday evening. There were present Messrs. R. E. Underwood, Jas. M. Purvis, W. Dougherty, A. Robinson, J. F. Lewis, M. C. Fortescue, Peter Huster, and some others. A jolly time was had.

Miss Mary E. Taylor was given a private party in honor of her birthday, at Mrs. Rocap's home, on Saturday evening. Those present were Mrs. Rocap, Mrs. Bignell and daughter, Mrs. J. J. Stevenson, Mrs. J. Vancourtland, and Mr. W. McKinney. In addition to the evening's sociality refreshments were enjoyed.

The condition of business in this locality is not as good as we should like it to be. A number of our deaf are either working on short time so talking an enforced rest. We, however, look hopefully to the future for a return of prosperity. Those deaf who work in bicycle factories are among the busiest, and this is their busy season.

An effort is being made to have

the railroad companies reduce the excursion fare to Reading, Pa., during the summer months, the rate from Philadelphia to be \$1.50 for the round-trip, and from other places proportionally low. The present rate from this city is \$2.34. No doubt the deaf will appreciate the change, if it is made.

Mrs. E. E. Roop, with her son, Albert, left for Ocean City, N. J., on Saturday, to spend some weeks with her sister.

The Easter offerings of the Reading Deaf Mutes' Mission amounted to \$10.81, which is a very good sum, considering the number of its deaf patrons, and the unfavorable times.

James Dougherty, until recently a cloth weaver, has embarked in the cigar manufacturing business.

The frequent strikes at the mill where he was employed, and the consequent loss of time and low pay, had driven him to the change. J. G. Dittmar's sister and family have moved here from South Wales, England.

Thomas I. Howe is said to be an excellent checker player.

A big fire-alarm whistle has been put on the boiler-house at the Mt. Airy Institution. It is said that it can be heard five miles away.

Mrs. Frank A. Schuster and Wm. H. Poole, of Woodbury, N. J., were visitors at All Souls' Church on Sunday.

After preaching at All Souls' Church, Rev. Mr. Koehler went to Reading, Pa., to hold service on Sunday evening.

The Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf boys easily defeated the Germantown team on Saturday last. Following is the score:

PA. INST. DEAF.	R	IBH	PO	A	E
Stone, c. f.	1	1	1	1	0
Schantz, l. f.	2	2	1	0	1
Noble, 2b.	3	3	3	0	0
Baker, c.	2	4	11	2	1
Kelleher, p.	-3	3	0	1	1
Garbett, lb.	3	3	11	1	0
Enwitt, ss.	3	3	0	1	0
Gleif, ss., 3b.	3	4	0	2	2
McEvly, rf.	1	3	0	0	0
Totals	19	36	27	11	5

GERMANTOWN.	R	IBH	PO	A	E
Dunn, lb.	0	1	11	0	0
Hilley, 3b.	0	3	0	3	2
Smith, 2b.	1	3	4	4	0
Brooks, c.	0	1	6	1	1
Myers, p.	0	0	0	2	1
Cridland, lf.	0	2	2	0	0
Jungth, ss.	0	0	0	5	0
Nesher, cf.	0	0	0	1	7
Raher, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	4	6	27	15	6

PA. INST. DEAF. 0 3 3 1 0 0 1 3 8-19
GERMANTOWN. 2 0 1 0 0 1 0 0-4

(Two-base hits—Kelleher (2), Stone, Balger (2), Garbett, Gleifness, McEvilly, Smith. Three-base hit—Noble. First base on balls—By Kelleher 5. Struck out—By Kelleher, 13; by Myers, 5. Umpire—Waterhouse.)

Miss Lizzie Hagy, of Reading, Pa., is reported to have been in the city on a brief visit to her brother, who is lying ill at a hospital. His condition is said to be improving. Remember the Guild annual meeting, on May 20th.

J. S. R.

May 10, '97.

Deaf-Mute's Long Journey.

TRAVELING FROM NEW YORK TO LOSS ANGELES WITHOUT MONEY.

The attention of the Denver Times has been called to the misfortunes of Miss Helena Fink, a deaf and dumb young woman, 20 years of age, who is trying to reach this city, having traveled from New York City. At Denver she applied to Chief of Police Russell for assistance. Miss Fink stated that she had left her cousin's home in New York City a week before on her way to Los Angeles, where her mother was lying dangerously ill.

Before leaving New York she had sufficient money to pay her expenses and a railroad ticket. While waiting for her train in the station at Columbus, O., she fell asleep, and on awakening discovered that she had been robbed of her purse, railroad ticket and valise. She reported her loss to the station agent, but nothing could be found of the articles, and Miss Fink found herself penniless in a strange city. Shortly after this she received a telegram announcing the death of her mother.

In this plight the unfortunate youngwoman appealed to the railroad authorities who generously arranged for her transportation westward. In this manner she continued her journey from division to division, some times fed by sympathetic strangers, but oftener going hungry. On April 23d she arrived at Denver tired out by her long and difficult journey, but still hopeful of being able to continue it. The loss of valise at Columbus had deprived her of the comforts of her wardrobe and she had not eaten for twenty-four hours. Chief of Police Russell did everything possible for the traveler's comfort. Later in the day she was taken to the Union depot and once more started on her journey to Los Angeles.—Los Angeles Herald, April 30.

Forgot Himself.

Old Lady:—"My poor man, what does this say? I haven't my glasses." Tramp:—"Please, mum, it says I am deaf and dumb, and if yer kin give me a few cents."

COLUMBUS.

Methods of Educating the Deaf.

A Pleasant Birthday Party.

Had to Earn His Expenses--Visitors and Personal Mention.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

The regular teacher's meeting was held Monday. Superintendent Jones read a paper on "The Value of a Good Teacher and the Methods of Teaching the Deaf." On the latter subject he said he was in favor of the Oral Method and the Combined System.

Both were useful in the education of the deaf. Neither could do without the other. Still it was his desire that speech be taught to all the children brought to the school and who were capable of being benefited thereby. The matter of giving all new pupils a trial in speech upon entering the school was begun last fall and the result thereof was very favorable.

Saturday last was the birthday anniversary of Miss Eva Berger. The Dayton Ladies' Aid Society gave a birthday party in honor of it for which they sent out little bags accompanied by a bit of verse requesting the receiver to enclose the number of pennies corresponding to his or her age. These were sent to friends throughout the State. The gathering of the home of Mrs. Berger was quite large, while the receipts aided greatly in their proposed object. The Dayton deaf have furnished a room at the Home for a lady, and they now propose to fit up another for a man. Those who attended the party had a very pleasant time, and at its close there was a fine spread given for the benefit of the inner man.

Our former superintendent, Prof. James W. Knott, was elected Principal of the Toledo High School, Monday evening. He has been a teacher in the school since early winter. Last week it was announced that he was the coming man for Superintendent of the Toledo Schools. But at the critical moment same other man got the place. All the same Prof. Knott's friends rejoice at his steady advancement.

Wednesday forenoon the schools were dismissed long enough for photographer Baker to take a picture of the pupils and teachers on the front lawn. It is said it did not take well and another sitting will be taken. It is proposed to have the picture in the next annual report.

Mrs. Daniel Hartnett, with one of her children, was down from Napoleon this week for a few days, as the guest of Miss Long, one of our teachers. Her former friends were all glad to meet her again.

Last Monday James Moynihan, claiming to have been educated at the Buffalo and Rochester, N. Y., schools, was a caller at the Institution. He later tried to obtain work in the city as a tailor, but met with poor success. Thursday he was here again, endeavoring to secure means sufficient to take him to Akron, where he says he has a friend, and where he hopes to secure work. Superintendent Jones allowed him to work here at house cleaning long enough to earn the necessary amount to defray his expenses to Akron.

The excursion season is now open, and we expect deaf visitors from out of town now every week. Sunday, Messrs. George Flick and Willie Lowther, of Cincinnati, and Frank Cannon, of Akron, were mingling with former schoolmates. During the week the Grammar Grade schools, with the 1st and 2d Primary classes, were examined in History and Arithmetic. It included the entire ground gone over since September. There was no preparation or review whatever. We do not know what the Superintendent's object is in the matter. Perhaps it is just a test.

There was a mantle of the beautiful visible on the roofs of houses last Sunday morning, and more of it fell in the forenoon. Its life, however, was short. Since then the weather has been more congenial. If the weather remains settled, the annual picnic will likely be held about the 19th inst., otherwise a week later.

Mrs. Ella Zell is the latest among the teachers to invest in a wheel.

A. B. G.

May 8-'97.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

MAY.
15-7:30 P.M., Cincinnati. Service and Instruction on Confirmation.
16-10:30 A.M., Cincinnati. Holy Communion.
16-3 P.M., Cincinnati. Confirmation by Bishop Vincent.
16-7:30 P.M. Open.
19-All day, Newark, O. Diocesan Convention.
27-3 P.M., Youngstown, O. Confirmation and laying of corner stone.

Michigan City, Indiana.

As we have quite a little batch of news for the JOURNAL, we will send a special letter, this week, although it has no reference to the Mission, about which we usually write.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Richards, of Huntington, entertained the following gentlemen at dinner on Easter Sunday: Aaron Coleossar, of Colamer; Jesse Kuhlman, of Huntington; and Ben Stech, of Majenica.

Roscoe Eckman, of Majenica, is now farming on land of his own, which he recently purchased from his mother. What Mr. Eckman now needs is a "help-meet."

Jesse Kuhlman, of Huntington, is employed in a shoe factory and earns good wages. He often wheels to the neighboring towns to call on deaf friends, and contemplates going to Fort Wayne soon.

Mr. B. A. Richards, of Huntington, is rushed with work in his shoe-shop nowadays, and finds the trade a profitable one.

Messrs. Richards and Stech expect to take advantage of the annual excursion on the Erie Railway, from Huntington to Lake Maxinkuckee, in Marshall County, in June, and would be pleased to meet the deaf of that vicinity. There was quite a large gathering of the deaf at the same place last summer.

Mr. Ben. F. Stech, of Majenica, spent Sunday, May 1st, with Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Richards, of Huntington, making the trip on his wheel.

The above items were sent by a friend of Majenica, but arrived too late for our last letter. We are always pleased to receive items for our correspondence to the JOURNAL, and any news concerning the deaf of Indiana, sent to our address, will receive prompt attention.

Rev. A. W. Mann held services at St. James Church, South Bend, on the 3d inst. Misses Wells and Loose, of Mishawaka, were among those who attended.

The next meeting of the Mission at Laporte, will be on the 29th inst.

We had not intended so soon making public the names of the young couple who are to be led to the hymenal altar next week, but as the announcement has been published in the papers, both in this city and Laporte, we will give the JOURNAL readers the benefit of it, before it has become too stale to be interesting. The following was clipped from the Laporte Herald:—

COMING MITE WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kutz have issued invitations announcing the coming marriage of their daughter, Louise Geakley to Charles S. Cloud, which event will be celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Wurster, of No. 1783 Washington Street, this city, Wednesday evening, May 19th, at 5 o'clock. H. W. Whitmore, of LaPorte, will be the best man, and Miss Daisy E. Hostetler, of Michigan City, the bridesmaid. Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, of Chicago, will officiate. This wedding will be a deaf-mute affair and one of a kind that is seldom seen in this locality.

PITTI-SING.

Fond of Ancient Eggs.

The Chinese are fond of eggs about 100 years old; such eggs are worth about as much in China as old wine is in other countries. They have a way of burying the eggs, and it takes about thirty days to render a pickled egg fit to eat. Some of the old eggs have become as black as ink, and one of the favorite Chinese dishes for invalids is made up of eggs which are preserved in jars of red clay and salt water.

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave.
There are souls that are pure and true!
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind.
And honor will honor meet.
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet!

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn;
You will gather in flower again
The scattered seeds from your thought
Outborne.
Though the sowing seemed but vain.

For life is a mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do.
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

"Safe!" called the small boy as he tiptoed out of the dining-room and left the cat on the table eating the roast for dinner. His mother had told him to put the cat out, but she was on the plate before he could touch her, and he had played ball too often to make any rank decisions.—Detroit Free Press.

The devil is still making some people believe that they are doing all the Lord expects, if they spend an hour or two each week in church.

Nobody ever goes to a ball room companion for comfort when there is death in the house.

The Christian should always be found doing something that the devil don't want him to do.

When we bring our lives into harmony with God's will, he will see that our rights are protected.

CHICAGO.

The Club No Longer Homeless.

THE SURPRISERS SURPRISED.

Run Into by a Bicycle—Personal Mention.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P. Gibson, 3439 Prairie Ave., Chicago.]

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Dickinson, of Alameda, Cal., are in the city, visiting friends. Mr. Dickinson is an old Illinoisan.

Miss Barbara Post was run down by a wheelman one day last week and narrowly escaped serious injury. The man did not stop to see if he had done any damage, but scorched off at a great rate.

S. W. Gould, of Argos, Ind., writes me to correct the statement.

I lately made that he had "settled down to rural life on a farm of his own." He says that while the farm is his, he is not running it himself, it being rented to another party.

Mrs. E. D. Hunter was agreeably "surprised" last week, to have a lot of her lady friends spring an old-fashioned party of that class upon her. A fine set of china was presented her, it being her birthday.

Another party of ladies, married by Mrs. Raffington, assembled at the home of Mrs. McMillan last Friday, and in a body, together with several well-loaded baskets of good things, marched over to the home of Mrs. J. R. Cotton. Alas! this was a case of the surprisers "surprised." Mrs. Cotton being absent in the country. My informant does not say what the ladies then did, or what they did with the "commissary department" they had with them.

W. E. Hoy was in town this week with the Cincinnati ball team. Several of the local "fans" among the deaf had a view of his classic features at several games. But, as we have no club rooms as yet Hoy did not make his usual call at "headquarters."

The Pas-a-Pas Club held its May meeting in the

FANWOOD.

Those New Iron Gates at Fanwood.

TO EXCLUDE INTRUDERS.

A Batch of Interesting News Items.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

Noting the exaggerated statements going around among the deaf as to the meaning of the placing of two heavy wrought iron gates, in the space dividing the Trades School and Laundry. We deem it our duty that some explanation is necessary that will perhaps set at rest all further comment thereon. Some construe it to mean that this school is becoming an Asylum, a statement which no true-minded deaf person would dare to make. Besides, to change the name is a gross absurdity, as it rests only with the legislature to do any such act, for was not this institution incorporated under the laws of the State as a school?

It is simply to keep intruders off private property, and at the same time add beauty to the architectural surroundings. As the two buildings just mentioned were erected two and three years ago, respectively, therefore to keep in line with their appearance, some kind of modern gates were necessary. On the grounds, surrounding many schools, academies and colleges, will be found similar structures, yet the inhabitants of such places are never heard to complain of their presence, therefore why should the deaf make such a fuss over a thing which only adds attractiveness? The trustees of Columbia College have accepted from the class of '92 two heavy wrought ornamental iron gates for the entrance to their grounds on Morning-side Park, which is entirely surrounded by an iron fence 15 feet high. And the undergraduates instead of complaining appreciate the gift, knowing that they will add immensely to the architectural surroundings. Can't our deaf people improve upon this sensible judgment?

It is not for to keep the pupils within the inclosure, but to exclude all intruders from private property, also on account of the close proximity of the buildings to the streets, it is to keep sneak thieves and tramps from gaining admittance to the laundry and basement of the Trades School.

In view of the lateness of the season for tree planting, Arbor Day was not observed this year. Principal Currier had previously had two young trees planted in April to take the place of the two that had died. Therefore we still have not neglected our duty. There is going to be an effort to have the legislature amend the law so that tree planting can come off on April 15th, as it has been proven that our climate is not congenial at such a late date for the planting of young trees, as the heat interferes greatly with their maturing. Principal Currier in his remarks upon the observance of Arbor Day, branched off to illustrate how worthy it is for the pupils to be sure that they are in the right place, then they will succeed in whatever calling they go.

The Cadet Battalion is receiving some new military tactics, in the way of *Battalion Review*. The whole company marches around a square on the campus fronting the school building, and is reviewed by Principal Currier. This new tactic is to prepare the boys for the coming competition for a gold medal, when they are to be inspected and reviewed by Col. Greene, of the 71st Regiment, who has kindly consented to officiate in that position on the afternoon of the Annual Meeting of the Board of Directors, which comes off on Tuesday next.

The large steam fire engine, that has stood in the power house since last spring, was removed to its permanent quarters, in the engine house, that had been specially built for it, on the hill opposite the Mansion House, Thursday afternoon last.

Several of the lady instructors took advantage of the beautiful weather Saturday, and left the institution early, and went on a cross-country run on their bikes to Tarrytown.

A dozen of the small boys in charge of a cadet officer, were permitted to visit Grant's Tomb at Riverside Park Saturday, and returned with their faces all aglow, which speaks louder than words what a pleasant time they had.

Saturday evening Prof. Hill entertained the numbers of the F. L. A. with a talk on "Life in the Wild and Woolly West." After describing the habits and mode of living, he

gave us several interesting adventures that happened to him while he was working for a railroad company. He brought over the skin of a rattlesnake and a pair of buffalo horns. Years ago the snake tried to inject a few drops of venom into Mr. Hill's system, but only missed his trousers, and Mr. Hill quickly dispatched it with an axe which he fortunately carried. He used the skin for a hat band the rest of his stay there. The buffalo horns he found while riding over the prairies one day. Two weeks of patient labor with file, sandpaper, emery cloth and powder, took all thoroughness out of them and they have since served as ornament for his home in Yonkers, and reminders of bygone days when he wore cowhide boots, sombrero, and six shooter, with a bowie knife to further set off his costume. He described his encounter with a "Kansas Zephyr," how his house was picked up and carried a long distance by the cyclone, with the stove, trunk and bed chasing him around the room. When he regained his senses he found the house on fire, due to the supply of matches he carried. To add to these the prairie began to catch fire, but fortunately just then it began to rain, and this put out the fire.

After the lecture concluded, Mr. Hill passed around the skin and buffalo horns.

A vote of thanks was tendered him. This is the last meeting of the F. L. A. for the present term. The meetings of the Association have been both interesting and instructive, and we hope that the next term will find things equally so.

W. G. S.

WITH THEIR EYES.

DEAF-MUTES LISTEN TO AN ELOQUENT EASTER SERMON.

Cleveland Leader, April 26.

They were singing an Easter carol, but not a lip moved. Their tongues were silent, though the hymns were beautiful. The music was inaudible to the human ear, but it was soul-reaching; the singers were dumb, also deaf. They heard the story of the resurrection, not with their ears, but with their eyes; but they were none the less impressed.

Fifteen deaf-mutes gathered in the chapel of Grace Episcopal Church, at the corner of Huron and Erie Streets, and attended services commemorative of the resurrection. They were a week behind other church congregations, to be sure, but Rev. A. W. Mann, the clergyman who conducted the services and preached the Easter sermon, was far from Cleveland last Sunday. He ministers to the spiritual wants of deaf-mutes in nearly a dozen States, and did not

REACH THIS CITY

until yesterday. But seven days did not make any difference to his congregation. They came to worship and forgot it was not Easter Sunday. There were no floral decorations to beautify the unpretentious little chapel, but the scene required no embellishments to render it impressive. Ten women, four men, and one little girl, sat in the plain wooden pews, their eyes intent on the minister. There was no whispering, not even by hand, except between a bride and groom, who ever and anon glanced affectionately at each other and slyly spoke a few words in their silent language.

Standing before the handful comprising his audience, robed in his white surplice, Rev. Mr. Mann preached from the text, "He is Risen." His words fell fluently from his finger tips and engraved themselves on the minds of those who saw. At times the speaker rose to flights of eloquence, as was indicated by forceful swaying of his body and head and arms, and his digital dexterity and the rapt attention of the congregation.

At the close of the address the mutes arose at a signal from the preacher, and sang another hymn. It was clear that they loved the music. They sang with their fingers, their hands, their heads, and their bodies. Their movements were the personification of grace and beauty of motion. They sing so differently than they speak. In conversing, their words often are formed in a jerky way, but their singing is characterized by their graceful rhythm of a pretty dance. Very interesting was the little girl who sat next to a woman who looked as though she might be her mother. The child appeared to be about ten years old, and even though so young the services were evidently of much interest to her. The girl's name is Lena Froehlich, and she is the daughter of a motorman.

The love glances which were exchanged during the services were between Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Nellie. The couple were married last Tuesday, and their union is an exemplification of the fact that there are romances among people who are not gifted with the sense of hearing as well as those who are possessed of such a faculty. Mrs. Nellie is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wells, of Rendville, Pa.

Immediately after the services yesterday, Rev. Mr. Mann left for Ravenna, where he preached last

night. He comes to Cleveland, about once a month.

COLORADO SPARKS.

Mr. and Mrs. Simmons came to Denver from their mine, near Black Hawk, Colo., recently, to make it their home. Mrs. Simmons is very glad to live here and enjoy the pleasures of the deaf people instead of staying at a mine all alone. Her deaf friends are also glad to have her among them again. Mr. Simmons went back to his mine a week ago to work again, but found it was no use to stay as it was full of ice, and so he came back again.

The progress of arrangements for the picnic have been going on very smoothly, and Windsor Farm was chosen for the grounds. It is about five miles from Denver and can be reached by electric cars. It will be held on July 3d, and the committees in charge hope it will be a success.

The Denver Wheel Club track opened about two weeks ago, and there is quite a long string of riders training on it every day. Among them are a few deaf riders, including Stephen McGunnery and Frank Lessley, both training for the Decoration Day 25-miles Road Race.

Several of Max Kestner's friends here were very much surprised at the report of his appointment as a teacher in the Colorado School for the Deaf. We wish him success on his way in the world.

Miss Lillie Watson came to Denver last Thursday to see her mother, who recently arrived from Cripple Creek.

An enjoyable time was spent by several deaf people last Sunday, at Mr. Mount's residence. Refreshments were served and all did not retire till quite late that night.

It was reported in the Denver papers that Miss Fink, a deaf-mute lady, was robbed of some cash and a ticket to California while stopping in Denver, on her way to see her mother, who is very sick. The case was taken up by the County Commission, and she was furnished with a ticket and some money to go back to her home.

It was found out later that she was a fraud and getting money on false pretenses, and much to the disgrace of the deaf people here, it was reported in the papers that a deaf-mute man went to Mayor McMurray, and asked him for some clothes and transportation to California to see his uncle. He says he has been in a hospital in Minneapolis for eleven months, and is still lame and walks on a crutch. We think that he is a fraud and is not a deaf-mute, only pretending he is in order to secure some clothes in a manner which several have done here.

The pupils of the Colorado School for the Deaf have now begun to count the remaining days of school, and will be quite happy to quit the tiresome school life for a while. The deaf-mutes here will also be glad when it closes.

Mr. Floyd Mount has secured the lease of about two acres of land around his home, which has several apple, cherry and peach trees, and several rows of currant bushes and a large garden of other vegetables. He expects to turn out about fifty barrels of apples this fall. The deaf-mutes enjoy visiting his place very much, as it is very cool and shady under the trees on the grass.

F. A. L.

DENVER, COLO., May 5, 1897.

Trinidad's Pitch Lake.

A remarkable phenomenon in the island of Trinidad is the "Pitch Lake," situated at La Brea, about sixteen miles from the Port of Spain, the capital of the island. It is about one and a half miles in circumference and elevated eighty feet above the level of the sea. The water is covered almost entirely with a stratum of asphaltum, traversed by fissures and crevices filled with water. The pitch at the sides is perfectly hard and cold, but as one walks toward the middle the heat gradually increases and the pitch becomes softer and softer. At last it is seen boiling up in a liquid state and the air is strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulphur. During the rainy season it is possible to walk over nearly the whole lake, but in the hot weather a great part cannot be approached. The pitch is much used in the island for roads, pavements and roofs, and is exported to the United States and Canada.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Wire Glass.

A product called "wire glass," which, it is asserted, presents an effective barrier against fire, consists of a mesh-work of wire embedded in a glass plate. Even when licked by flames and raised to red heat, it does not fall to pieces, and it not only resists the heat of fire, but also the shattering effects of cold water poured over it while it is yet glowing hot.

The man who invented the cone-shaped glass lemon-squeezer made \$50,000 out of it, and was lately offered \$100,000 for four other inventions of the same simple and practical kind.

SAVED BY A DEAF-MUTE.

Adelchi Panigai, a steamship engineer, lay in wait for his wife Nellie at East Fourth Street and the Bowery last night and stabbed her several times. The bravery of a young deaf-mute, who interfered, probably saved the woman's life. She is hacked about the head and body, but the hospital surgeons said last night that she is not necessarily fatally injured.

Panigai wears the uniform of an officer of a transatlantic steamship, and says he is employed as an engineer by the North German Lloyd Company. His wife and he lived in West Houston Street—he believes in No. 133. He spent all his time there when ashore. His wife left him a week ago and he was to have sailed a few days later. He did not go with his ship. The reason for the separation is not known.

APPLIED FOR WORK.

Panigai took a furnished room at No. 124 Macdougall Street. It is not known where his wife was between Friday and Monday. She went on the latter day to the intelligence office of Mrs. Lena Steingut, No. 362 Bowery, to seek employment as a servant. Mrs. Steingut saw that the woman was superior to most of the applicants for work and questioned Mrs. Panigai, who said she was a widow. She added that she had been unable to buy mourning goods, and that she had nowhere to sleep.

Mr. Steingut did not hesitate to offer the woman a bed and meals pending the obtaining of employment for her. As soon as Mrs. Panigai was installed in Mrs. Steingut's house she procured writing material and a postage stamp from her new friend and wrote her husband. The letter was found in his pocket when he was arrested last night.

PLANNED FOR A HOME.

She addressed her husband as "My lovely darling," and told him that she had procured a position of honor in the summer home of a family of wealth on Long Island. She added that she would soon have money enough to establish a home in which he and she could live happily together for life.

No position was procured for Mrs. Panigai until yesterday. She was then told that she was wanted by a wealthy family. She left Mrs. Steingut's office at noon to enter on the duties of the situation. She was to return for her luggage at seven o'clock last evening. Her husband went to the intelligence office late in the afternoon. He announced that he was Mrs. Panigai's brother-in-law, and said he must see her at once.

When told that she would not return until seven o'clock he became greatly excited and said:—"I cannot wait. I will give \$10 if you will tell me where I can find her at once."

Mrs. Steingut would not violate a rule and tell the address of a patron.

Panigai waited on the sidewalk. He saw his wife approaching through East Fourth Street at eight o'clock and met her just West of the Bowery. They had angry words, and she made several efforts to leave him, but he clutched her by the arm and handled her roughly. Then he drew a large clasp knife and slashed her across the cheek.

BEGGED FOR HER LIFE.

The woman fell. Her husband bent over her. He acted like a maniac and made several lunges at her. She fought as she lay on the sidewalk and cried: "Don't kill me, Addie!"

"Don't speak to me! You left me for another," he replied. "No, no," she said sorrowfully. Panigai then arose and kicked her in the chest. He was about to stab her again, when John O'Neil, a deaf-mute, twenty-one years old, who is a resident of St. Joseph's Home, at Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street, appeared. Men possessed of all their senses stood panic stricken and offered the prostrate woman no assistance.

O'Neil rushed forward and caught Panigai's arm as he was driving his knife toward his wife's heart. The deaf-mute struck the man in the face. Panigai made a lunge with his knife at O'Neil, who stepped back and planted another blow on Panigai's shoulder. Then other men interfered.

O'Neil could not shout "Police!" but he had seen policeman William F. Kiernan at East Fourth Street and Lafayette Place. He ran like a deer to the policeman when he saw that the woman was protected. He clutched Kiernan by the coat and said "Uh!" as he pointed toward the Bowery.

Kiernan knew O'Neil, and started to walk toward the Bowery. O'Neil was not satisfied, and motioned that the policeman should run. Kiernan obeyed.

HANDLED THE KNIFE.

He was told by others as he ran that a woman had cut her throat. When he reached where she lay Panigai handed him a knife. The man was so cool and self-possessed that Kiernan did not suspect that he had committed the crime, but

when Panigai started to leave the crowd O'Neil told the story in intelligible pantomime.

Kiernan arrested Panigai, who offered no resistance. All he would say was:—"I do not know why I did it. The devil made me put that knife in my pocket."

Mrs. Panigai was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. The surgeons found that, in addition to the cut in her cheek, there were others on the left ear, the chin and the left hand. Her clothing was cut in several places. She was conscious, but unable to tell what led to the stabbing. Panigai was locked up in the Mercer Street Station. He is an Austrian, thirty-two years old. His wife is two years his junior.

CHARACTER TOLD BY THE HAIR.

It is a pretty hard thing to conceal one's true character nowadays. A new fad is hair reading, and this is said to "give us away" in an unpleasantly accurate manner, says an exchange. The new science is not fully developed yet, but its devotees have already discovered many interesting facts, and are constantly searching for more. Fine hair is said to denote gentle birth, and the amount of care the hair shows will determine the mode of life. It is also claimed that the closer the ends of the hair cling together, that is naturally, without artificial force, the greater is the intellectuality the owner possesses. A tendency to curl denotes inherent grace and a poetic nature. Straight hair is the sign of a firm, positive and practical disposition. Such bad qualities as treachery and jealousy are generally found in people with black, lustreless hair. The lighter the hair the more sensitive and "touchy" the owner generally is. Brown hair must be a very desirable thing to possess, for the hair readers say it is always found on people having in a high degree common sense, good judgment and reason. Red hair is a sign of honesty and also of cleverness. Nothing whatever is said about freaks of temper as an accompaniment to red hair. It may be therefore safe to conclude that another popular idea has been dissolved by the search-light of science and investigation.

WORK DONE BY THE SUN.

It has repeatedly been proposed to make use of the enormous power issuing from the sun in the shape of heat rays. What enormous amount of labor is done by the sun on this earth alone is evidenced in part by the circulation of water on the earth's surface. Every day the heat of the sun turns into vapor a large amount of water on all the watery surfaces, and these rising vapors are far above us converted into clouds, which the cool currents of air carry overland to countries which are not blessed with plenty of the fluid element, and upon further condensation the clouds in the shape of rain fall upon the earth. In smaller or larger quantities water streams again toward the sea, and during this course man undertakes to withdraw from the water part of the stored-up power of the sun, using it for industrial purposes. The Paris meteorologist, Prof. Metereicht, estimates the quantity of water turned into vapor by the sun in the Mediterranean Sea alone on a clear hot summer day at not less than 5,280,000,000 tons. At that rate the quantity of water taken from the entire globe on one hot day within the limits of the temperate and tropical zones, would amount to not less than two hundred and forty-five billion tons.—*Ex.*

SINCERITY.

"Sincerity is the parent of truth," says the Philadelphia *Methodist*. "She fears no enemies, for virtue is her steadfast friend. She abhors a lie, and is no flatterer. An open heart is her advice, and honor is her ultimate end." What joys are hers! She roams at will through the domain of God. The high places, where anthems of glory eternally roll, come down to the waiting spirit with all the stops of heaven's organ open, and the keyboard, touched with seraphic fingers, sends the melody of the of the heavenly choir to cheer and satisfy his longing soul. His brow is decked with this priceless jewel, and, arrayed with these costly garments, he is, like the King's daughter, all beautiful within. Let it but once be determined that a man is insincere, and he is despised of his fellows and unblest of God; but if true to his conscience, he may expect the continued favor of God upon all his undertakings.

How to Keep Violets Fresh.

A corsage bouquet of violet may be worn several times and still kept fresh if the stems are wrapped in a thin fringe of batting that has been dipped in salt and water and then rolled in tin foil of the color of the flowers. When the flowers are not being worn keep them in a cool room with the stems in a glass of salted water, and cover the flowers with tissue paper to keep air from them.

NOTICE!

The Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes will meet in convention at Binghamton, N. Y., Friday and Saturday, July 23d and 24th, 1897.

Further particulars later.

C. ORVIS DANTZER, Sec'y,
17 Glenwood Ave.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Per order of the President,
J. H. JEWELL.

Theo. I. Lounsbury

Book
Job and
Commercial
Printer

Convention Proceedings
Institution Reports
Institution Stationery
Society and Church Work

226 East 59th St.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

50 Visiting Cards, with name,	30
100 " " " " "	40
50 fine " " " " "	40
100 " " " " "	60

Manual Alphabet, ten cents extra.

Ranald Douglas.

General Landscape

Photographer

Railway Scenery a

Specialty

We also make

Engravings on Copper

and Zinc from our

own Negatives only.

Livingston, N. J.

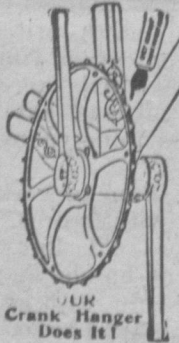
New York Office,

401 W. 59th St. Cor. Columbus Ave

Model No. 3, Roadster. Price \$100.

THE
Racyle
NARROW TREAD

\$1,000 IN CASH



will be paid to the first one who can demonstrate that the above assertion is not a fact. No cycle considered without the consent of the maker. All infringement is barred.



Special Racyle Narrow-Treads	\$100
Special Racyle Tandems	\$150
Racyle Narrow Treads	\$75
Our Bicycles	\$50

AGENTS WANTED. WRITE FOR TERMS.

MIAMI CYCLE & M'F'G CO.,
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

CHICAGO BRANCH: S.-W. Cor. Wabash Ave. & Congress St.
NEW YORK BRANCH: 106-108 Fulton St.
WASHINGTON BRANCH: Thomas Circle, Washington, D. C.

EIGHTH ANNUAL EXCURSION

of the
Deaf-Mutes' Union League
to
Forest View Park on the HUDSON
(Accessible only by boat.)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1897

By the Steamer "MYNDERT STARIN."

MUSIC BY PROF. H. I. DAVIS

TICKETS, - - - 50 CENTS
(Children under twelve years old, 25 cents.)

BOAT LEAVES:

EAST 31st STREET AT 9.15 A.M.
SOUTH 6th STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, 9.30 A.M.
WEST 20th STREET, 10.15 A.M.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

JAMES B. GASS, Chairman,

A. C. BACHRACH,

H. C. KOLHMAN,

S. FRANKENHEIM,

J. SCHREINER.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.50 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

STAR THEATRE

Broadway, near 14th Street

Direction, - - - R. M. Gulick & Co.
Rollis E. Cooley, Resident Manager.
H. W. Winchell, Press Agent.

Our attractions always appeal to "those who hear with the eye."

Prices always 75, 50 and 25 cents.
Matinees, 50 and 25 cents.

The Bijou Circuit.

R. M. Gulick & Co., Managers.

Star Theatre New York.
Columbia Theatre Boston.
Bijou Theatre Brooklyn.
National Theatre Philadelphia.
Bijou Theatre Pittsburgh.

Pach's

Convention Orders are now completed. Rain in early part of summer and extreme heat later delayed the work.

By September 5th

all should have received their picture. Send \$1.00, \$1.25 or \$2.00 (either is a handsome "Queen panel") for your convention group, if you have not already ordered one.

Alex. L. Pach,

935 Broadway, N. Y.

If you want a nice diamond

best girl, go to EDGAR BLOOM, 66 Maiden Lane, New York City. He will sell you anything in the line of Diamond Jewelry at reasonable prices.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.50 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.